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to the Gentiles." "The *Saviour* advanced him to be a bishop." "Christ chose him to be his vicar on the earth." And yet not one word to suggest that the Pope was such "vicar," or had anything to do with the apostleship of St. Patrick, the hero of the eulogy.

Let us proceed now to the ecclesiastical historians. *Prosper Aquitanus* lived at that time. He composed "Annals of the Church," and was a friend of Pope Celestine and a notary of the Roman See. Palladius was sent to Ireland by Pope Celestine the very year before St. Patrick's arrival, A.D. 431, and his mission was utterly sterile, a complete and acknowledged failure, though coming with the Pope's blessing and authority. Prosper does not omit to record that Palladius was sent by Pope Celestine, though his mission lasted but a few months, and was, as we have said, so wholly abortive; but *Prosper makes no mention whatever of St. Patrick*, who came to Ireland in the very next year, and preached the gospel here with the most astonishing success for half a century. If St. Patrick had been sent from Rome, surely Prosper must have known the fact, and knowing it, could not have failed to record it!

Neither does it appear to have been known to the Irish writer, Muirchin Maccu Machteri (Maccauthenius), who wrote the life of St. Patrick in the seventh century. We gave the headings of the chapters relating to this part of St. Patrick's history, which prove this plainly, in our 2nd vol., p. 34, note.

We next naturally turn to the most ancient of our English church historians, the Venerable Bede, who was born A.D. 672, less than 200 years after St. Patrick's death. He completed his "Ecclesiastical History" A.D. 731, and was, as he himself tells us, supplied with materials for it from the archives of Rome. Bede, too, having been reared in the Anglo-Saxon Church, in which Rome then exercised much influence, omitted no opportunity of advancing her credit, sometimes even to the disparagement of the ancient British and Irish Churches. Now, what do we find in Bede? Of course, our readers will suppose that he is eloquent and diffuse touching St. Patrick's mission, and attributes it to the blessing and authority of the Centre of Unity, Christ's Vicar on Earth. But the fact is, and there are few more striking in church history, that the Venerable Bede records the mission of Palladius to Ireland, and often refers to the affairs of the Irish Church, but *never once mentions* in it even the name of St. Patrick!

We might add to this many more arguments to prove that it is almost certain that St. Patrick was not sent by Rome, was not dependent on Rome; but we think we have said enough, for the present at least, to show that it will require something stronger and more satisfactory than Dr. Cullen's bare assertion that "all antiquity attests that St. Patrick hastened to Rome to venerate the successor of the Fisherman, and to receive his commission from him," to prove that Ireland owes its conversion to Rome, or that the Apostle derived his authority to preach from the same source.

"All antiquity," at least, it is plain, does not include the earliest ecclesiastical historians of Rome, England, and Ireland, nor the works of St. Patrick, or of his contemporary, St. Sechnall. Dr. Cullen gives us no clue where antiquity attests, what we have proved is not attested by those who ought to have known it best, and were the most likely to record such a fact, if they had known it.*

We must reserve the consideration of Dr. Cullen's second position till our next number.

MANUAL OF LA SALETTE.

WE have now before us a gaily bound little volume ushered into the world with all the modern attractions of blue and gold, entitled a "Manual of the Confraternity of La Salette," comprising every information concerning La Salette, with devotions for the confraternities established in England,—by the Rev. John Wyse, Catholic priest, and with the approbation prefixed to it of Dr. Ullathorne, calling himself the Bishop of Birmingham, whose name has already more than once appeared in our pages in connection with this subject.

This approbation bears date June 9, 1855, and is as follows:—

"Approbation of his lordship the Bishop of Birmingham: 'I have read the book entitled 'The Manual of the Confraternity of La Salette,' and find nothing in it contrary to faith and good morals: on the contrary, I consider it is calculated to promote piety and devotion, especially to the Mother of God.

✱ "W. B. ULLATHORNE."

We collect from it that this new devotion (as it is called) was "introduced by Mr. Dayman, priest at Stratford-on-Avon, who was the first to erect a confraternity of La Salette in England, and that his example has since been followed by several other priests, who have petitioned their bishops for leave to establish the confraternity in their churches" (p. 44).

It is stated also in the same work (p. 46) that "it is no uncommon thing in France and Germany, as the warm days set in, to see gentlemen of noble race, with their

* Those who would see this subject followed out further in a very masterly manner would do well to consult Canon Wordsworth's fourth series of Occasional Sermons, preached in Westminster Abbey, on the Church History of Ireland, Sermon xxvii, The Age of St. Patrick. Rivington, London, 1862.

families, prepare for a pious journey to La Salette, and perform it, too, with devotion, at no little expense. Barristers, physicians, military men, merchants, and members of all professions in life follow the same course, and seem to vie with one another in aiming at as high a tone of religious feeling as this age will bear."

If these statements be not exaggerated, we confess we think them not a little humiliating, as a proof of the gullibility and credulity of the age in which we live.

We had hoped that the detailed *exposé* by the Abbé Deleón of the whole imposture, which he proved conclusively in his elaborate work published at Grenoble, in the immediate vicinity of the alleged event, to have been a deception practised by a half-crazed enthusiast, Made-moiselle Constance Lamerliere (confirmed as it has been by the decision of the courts of justice at Grenoble, which dismissed, with costs, the action which the said Mademoiselle Lamerliere brought against the author for defamation of character), would have opened the eyes of the most blind upon the subject, exploded the whole illusion,

"And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Left not a wreck behind."

But we fear there are too many persons interested in propagating such tales lightly to give them up; and it would appear from this "Manual," that even in England there must be some people (we hope but few in number) who are able to close their eyes to any amount of light which comes to them from a quarter which they are determined not to be enlightened by, and are resolved, not only to uphold the story at what cost soever, but if they can, to exalt it into the foundation of a new order of religion.

The masterly work of the Abbé Deleón, to which we have above alluded, is a large octavo of 370 pages; and though we specially called the attention of our readers to it, in Nos. 42 and 43 of our periodical, it has not, as far as we can learn, ever yet been noticed by Dr. Ullathorne, though we did not fail to invite his attention to it by forwarding to him the numbers of the CATHOLIC LAYMAN, in which we gave extracts from it, as soon as published. We do not wonder that Dr. Ullathorne has not answered it, for we believe it would have been utterly impossible; but we do wonder that he is not ashamed, before he has attempted such a reply, to approve of a manual which endeavours to make a *disputed and disproved* fact the basis of an attempt to promote piety in England!

We have so often observed the artful and insinuating tone of recent Roman Catholic works in England, written, no doubt, in the fond, but futile, hope that the Protestants of that country were ready, and even anxious, to become Romanists in large numbers, that we think it a remarkable indication that such an expectation has been at last abandoned as a hopeless one, to see Dr. Ullathorne affixing his imprimatur and cordial approbation to a work such as that now before us.

The tone is still more striking than the matter; but both are instructive, and illustrative of the small amount of Christian charity which may sometimes consort with that kind of *transcendental piety* which is ready to swallow anything, however incredible, if it only favours particular views in the matter of religion.

The writer is of opinion, evidently, that it is no longer of any use to attempt to win over Protestants, and very wisely, perhaps, gives them up in despair. "This manual," says the writer, "may be ill calculated to win heretics to the faith;" but "pandering to Protestant prejudice and ignorance has proved to be a mere chimera: we gain nothing by it for ourselves, and lose a great deal, whilst not one soul the more is drawn to the Church." "England is an unchristian country, and to attempt to fraternize with half-infidels (or, as he expresses it in page 44, 'the paganism around'), by paring away from our faith whatever we consistently can, is not the way to remain Catholics ourselves" (page 31).

The picture drawn of Protestant England is strikingly uncoincident, and about as classical in style as it is charitable in spirit.

"Sunday is not observed in England; at least, it is observed here *less than anywhere else*!" (page 14). "The distinction made of English Protestants on the Continent is the habit of cursing and swearing. The French have nicknamed English travellers abroad 'Messieurs les God-dams'" (page 17). "Men seem, indeed, to have preserved the idea of God in their minds only to swear and blaspheme by His name" (page 16). "Can it be imagined that the wrath of God is not ever kindled, as, looking down from his heavenly throne, he sees His altars still overthrown, and His sanctuaries yet ever polluted by the rites of a degraded sect? Add to this the great number of evil associations, disunited amongst themselves, yet brought together by the one *devilish* object common to all, of disseminating blasphemies against Christ's holy religion with an energy so atrocious that the very *fends* in hell could hardly match it. See how this crime of blasphemy has crept into the scientific literature of the age—with what Satanic craft and consummate ability the dark work is carried on in our leading books and journals. In other countries men blaspheme God, it is true; but then, at least, it is done openly and without hypocrisy. In England only could men be found to set up 'chairs of pestilence,' as the Scripture calls them, when in the very act,

perhaps, of invoking God's vengeance, by flinging away, with contempt, every doctrine *He preached*, and every truth *He revealed*. It is said, in reply, that all this is often done in ignorance. No doubt it is; but what blind and awful ignorance! With a saving clause for persons to react the dreadful spectacle of the Jews before our Lord would scarcely be more terrible. The Jews were ignorant: who, unless blasphemers in the nineteenth century, will say they were not guilty? Surely, then, it is an awful sight, before the eternal throne of God, to behold a vast multitude, however ignorant, led on by the devil, and joining in a blind and passionate onslaught on the holiest of institutions and the sublimest mysteries of Heaven. Can it be possible that Almighty God has looked on unmoved, and that, consequently, the reproaches of La Salette are not for us? The question has but one answer in the heart of a Christian" (page 17-18).

What may be the Rev. John Wyse's idea of what the heart of a Christian ought to be we can scarcely, perhaps, gather very satisfactorily from this piece of unmeasured and bitter vituperation; but we may safely say, that he who uses, and Dr. Ullathorne who approves, of such language and deems it "calculated to promote piety and devotion," must have a peculiar view of Christian feeling, and an equally strange idea of the proper manner of persuading the human mind, if they think heretic Englishmen will be led to "devotion towards the Mother of God" by such coarse and extravagant tirades and philippics, equally devoid of truth, moderation, or Christian charity. For what class of readers such a work was designed by its author we are, of course, ignorant, save so far as he himself divulges it, when he says, in p. 31, that he "hopes these remarks may serve not unfavourably to introduce La Salette to some readers hitherto inclined to scepticism." Were we to form our own judgment upon the Rev. Mr. Wyse's object, we have seen to terrify rational Roman Catholics into swallowing wholesale whatever miraculous stories their ecclesiastical superiors think fit to propose to them, without venturing either to inquire into or investigate the evidence for or against their truth; while he, at the same time, is obliged to admit that the matter in question is not *de fide*, or one which it is necessary that a good Catholic should believe, unless he happened himself to be satisfied of its truth.

At any rate, the views of the writer as to faith scarcely appear to us to be calculated to incline the "sceptical" to adopt them. One would suppose that faith was a mere act of the will, with which the understanding had nothing to do; that it could be given like money at the pleasure of the donor; and that any inquiry into the truth or falsehood of such matters was a mere vicious gratification of human pride and presumptuous private judgment, only practised in Protestant England, and by persons tainted with what Mr. Wyse calls "the pestiferous principles of the age." We shall here, however, let the devoted teacher of the confraternity speak for himself. After citing some arguments in favour of the truth of the story, taken from a letter published, we believe, in L'Ami de la Religion in 1848 by a M. Dupauloup (who afterwards became Bishop of Orleans, and seems, as we are informed in the Abbé Deleón's book, p. 151, in 1851, after seeing more of the matter, to have materially changed his ideas upon the subject), the Rev. Mr. Wyse proceeds thus, p. 27:—

"The truth of the Apparition of La Salette is incontestable. Those who have eyes to see and ears to hear believe it to be certain; and, prejudice aside, if ever circumstantial evidence is a proof (and English lawyers say it is the strongest), where could a better chain of proofs be found? It is, therefore, worthy of the fullest belief. And yet, it is not of Faith. We are not so forced to believe it, that, if we do not, we shall be damned for our unbelief. Only may it be said, that any one would prove himself exceedingly rash and devoid of Catholic instincts who would start with a conviction that it was manifestly false, because without the range of natural events. Almighty God is as equally master of the supernatural as of the natural, and, if, after the plainest testimony, it seems clear that He has judged supernatural revelation beneficial to His Church in these times, why act like Thomas and withhold credence? 'Blessed are those who have not seen, and yet have believed.' Now, practically speaking, in England there is a great want of this sort of willing faith. Of course, it is not meant to speak here of Protestants; faith with them is out of the question. They do not believe in the essential truths of salvation, much less, therefore, in that which is not of necessity. But, unfortunately, by contact with Protestants, and by constantly breathing an atmosphere of rationalism, the faith of many Catholics, firm enough in its way, has become, if we may be allowed to use the expression, ungenerous and stingy. Pushed and goaded on every side, and at last almost persuaded that the wonderful doctrines of the Catholic Church are quite hard task enough on their belief, they contract their faith into as small a space as possible. They take in what they are obliged, and nothing more. These good persons are Catholics, it is true; but they are not Catholic-minded. 'Tell me,' says a great writer, 'what they believe beyond the essential truths of the Church, and I will tell you the measure of their faith,' or words to that effect. They believe, for instance, in the possibility of miracles, but feel somehow quite uncomfortable when a miracle occurs, the truth of which they cannot contest. What miserable sort of work is this? If we are to be Catholics, why not be so to the full at once? We shall get nothing in the world by the contrary. The infidels and blasphemers will only laugh in their sleeve at us. We shall be insulted and persecuted just the same; but shall we be dearer to God for our thriftiness in matter of faith? Far from it. God loves the cheerful giver. All this comes

from allowing our minds to get impregnated with the pestiferous principles of the age, of which Protestant England is the reeking hotbed. The tide of rationalism is so strong, its current runs so swiftly, and people are so apt to think there is no harm in swimming on a little with the pride and private judgment of the day, that, beginning with small things, they end with great, and from once trusting their frail bark to a guide other than the Church of God, they fall away by degrees, until the vortex of universal corruption around has swallowed them up almost before they see it. It behoves Catholics, therefore, and especially English Catholics, to beware of a plausible, but often fatal incredulity. This remark applies in particular to those who have been 'brought up,' as it is called, in the Catholic Church—a privilege which can never be prized too highly. Many a good soul is there, who rests quite content without acts of supererogation, but whose faith, it may be said, is nevertheless apparently strong and secure. And so it may be for the time. But, considering the bane of this carnal age, who can say how long it will remain so? Hence, if we would attain salvation, a lively faith is not a choice, but a stringent necessity. Almighty God will have no stagnant waters, however deep; and 'he that does not gather with Him, scattereth.' Never has there been a period in the history of the Church when it was more requisite to be on our guard than now. The impudent pretensions of a false religion are being thrust into our face every day. In one instance it is a wholesale blasphemy against the doctrines of Christ, and a summary denial of everything short of absolute deism. The inference is, of course, implicitly positive. Or, again, striking out in a new direction, they inform us that the brave English soldiers having behaved generously to their wounded foes; and great efforts having been made to relieve the sufferers in the war, there is self-evident proof that Protestants are possessed of every virtue under the sun; as if mere natural virtue had the power to advance them one atom forward on the road to heaven. And yet how subtle the arguments by which the devil seduces his victims! To be clear, then, supernatural virtue, and, in the first place, utmost, is the only cultivated for safety's sake to the very which, however much in the abstract we may think the devil can always put forward where the heart is not 'strong in faith.' Let us ever understand that Christian charity is a superhuman virtue far removed from the mere philanthropy natural to man; and as for believing or not believing, our faith is worth very little if we must needs quarrel with everything beyond the formulas of the Church. It is hoped these remarks may serve, not unfavourably, to introduce La Salette to some readers hitherto inclined to scepticism." (p. 27-31.)

It would be difficult, we think, to find within the same compass so much sophistry, unsound argument, and uncharitableness.

To assert the truth of the apparition to be inconceivable, because some "who have eyes to see and ears to hear believe it to be certain," is easily answered by the counter proposition, that some others, including the Abbé Deleón, and a number of Roman Catholic clergy on the spot, and who have also "eyes to see and ears to hear," believe it to be an imposture, and have published their reasons for so believing in a thick octavo volume, printed by E. Kedon, Rue Bayard, No. 13, Grenoble, in the very diocese in which La Salette is situated. To have asserted that all who have eyes to see and ears to hear believe it to be certain would have been more to the point, but would have been simply untrue. To talk, therefore, of the circumstantial evidence being so strong that, prejudice aside, the writer may ask, where could a better chain of proof be found, is sheer impudence. The direct as well as circumstantial proof to the very reverse, viz., in favour of the Abbé Deleón's assertion, that it was Mademoiselle Constance Lamerliere who personated the Virgin, and deceived two young and illiterate children into believing that they had seen an apparition in a lonely mountain on the 19th September, 1846, was so strong, that, when the said Constance Lamerliere brought her action against the author of the book in which he proved that assertion in the courts of Grenoble, and laid her damages at 20,000 francs, the action, after a two days trial, was dismissed with costs against Mademoiselle Lamerliere, on the 2nd of May, 1855, of which not the slightest notice is taken by Mr. Wyse in his manual, though it was not published for some time, we believe for some months, afterwards.

While jumping, however, rather too rapidly to the conclusion that the apparition "is worthy of the fullest belief," and in another passage (p. 61) stating that "Rome permits and encourages the belief by having permitted the clergy, in a solemn indult, to celebrate the remembrance of this apparition by certain masses and offices appointed to be said on the anniversary itself," and also by "the great number of spiritual advantages granted by the Sovereign Pontiff in favour of the confraternities and pilgrimages connected with it," of which he gives the same long list which we already published in our 3rd vol., p. 121; yet, Mr. Wyse is good enough to admit that the matter "is not of faith—i.e., we are not so forced to believe it, that if we do not we shall be damned for our unbelief;" for, says he, in p. 61, "Rome, with that caution and prudence which is her characteristic, has not pronounced that final decision which brings all discussions to a close." We may, of course, entertain our own notions of such caution on the part of the infallible judge, whose office it is to tell the world what is true and what is false in matters of religion, and who may, possibly next year, pronounce (as doubtless the confraternity which Mr. Wyse is so anxious to establish in England would most devoutly desire) that henceforth a belief in the apparition of the 19th September shall be an article of faith, so that those who do not believe it "shall be

damned for their unbelief." But the liberty to disbelieve in it which exists, at present at least, in the Roman Catholic Church, according to Mr. Wyse will avail them practically but little; for he distinctly gives them to understand that if they do not believe it, they "are not Catholic minded;" they must be "devoid of Catholic instincts;" have "minds impregnated with the pestiferous principles of the age," and be "swimming in the tide of rationalism towards the vortex of universal corruption." "Their faith is worth very little if they must needs quarrel with 'everything beyond the formulas of the Church.' It is an 'ungenerous and stingy faith,' a 'thriftiness of faith which cannot be pleasing to God; for God loves a cheerful giver!'" if they will take in nothing more than they are obliged; that is, if they will not believe in the truth of the apparition of La Salette. The reason, too, given to urge sceptics to belief, we think, is somewhat remarkable. "If we are to be Catholics, why should we not be so to the full at once? We shall get nothing in the world by the contrary. The infidels and blasphemers will only laugh in their sleeve at us, and insult and persecute us just the same." So, dear friends, as you are in for it at any rate, you may just as well act upon the old adage, "In for a penny, in for a pound;" swallow the story of the apparition, and become members of the new confraternity of La Salette; even though, as yet, you are not forced to do so under pain of eternal damnation; which hereafter, however, will come all in due time, though the Pope, "with the caution and prudence which characterize the Holy See," does not think the time yet come for quite so strong a measure, and thus bring "all discussion to a close" about it. We wish sincerely he would not be quite so cautious, but let the world know in plain language whether the belief in this apparition is a part of his holiness's own creed or not; or whether, while he has given commission to the clergy to celebrate the remembrance of the apparition by "masses and solemn offices of religion," he himself may not all the while believe that it was Mademoiselle Lamerliere, and not the Blessed Virgin Mary, who appeared to Maximin Giraud and Melanie Mathieu, on the 19th September, 1846, though, by a pious fraud, he allows any one to be deceived by it who is disposed to embrace the new devotion.

We shall probably at an early opportunity give our readers some further details from the elaborate volume of Abbé Deleón, which is still very difficult of access in this country. We are fortunate enough to possess a copy; and, having perused it carefully, wish to see it re-printed for the sake of facility of reference hereafter, in case Mr. Wyse and his confraternity should make any progress in the attempt to introduce this "new devotion" into England. We think, however, that we have, for the present, given our readers a sufficient sample of the temper and mode of reasoning of Mr. Wyse to put them on their guard against a too easy adoption of that large and facile faith which is good-natured enough to swallow everything, no matter whether required by their Church or not, and which looks upon any lower grade of credulity as rank infidelity.

Mr. Wyse is evidently most anxious to propagate such notions, for he tells us, in the passage above quoted, that the "only real safeguard against the vilest of errors is to cultivate faith for safety's sake to the very utmost;" in other words, that the only safe way is to believe everything one is told by any ecclesiastic, whether that ecclesiastic has the authority of the "infallible" Church for teaching it or not.

We cannot help, however, giving one more extract from Mr. Wyse's Manual, in which he makes a touching appeal to the people of England, to revive the good old habit of pilgrimages, by swelling the crowds whom he represents as resorting to La Salette. "Have no English pilgrims found their way to La Salette? Yes, several priests, one bishop, and not a few of the devout laity have made their summer pilgrimage to the holy mountain. (By the way, a summer trip in a first-class railway carriage is rather more tempting than the good old fashion of walking on foot with pebbles in one's shoes.) And why not more? Why not a greater and more stirring throng? The English people were once famous for this love of pilgrimages, which were often directed to some favourite sanctuary of our Lady, so common formerly in England. They have lost this love, because in the midst of paganism around they have almost forgotten the Catholic beauty of their devotions. And is this lost love never to come back again?"—(p. 44-5.) "It would be absurd, of course, to think of pilgrimages in England in the present posture of affairs; but as for the good pious souls whom God has blessed with the riches of this world" (who are, by the way, just the people they like to see at La Salette), "is it not well to exhort them to promote by every means, and, above all, by their own example, the customs of this most solid devotion? Is it not possible for them, as the spring comes on, or the smiling summer, and the shades of autumn invite them to an excursion from home, or a tour on the continent—is it not possible for them to direct their steps pilgrimwise" (i.e., by the Paris railway) "to the sanctuary of La Salette, and thus learn to Catholicize their minds, whilst with prayers they bless their journey?"—(p. 46.)

We have some thoughts ourselves of making the experiment during the ensuing summer, even at the risk of

Catholicizing our mind after the manner of Mr. Wyse's confraternity.

But to be serious, will any of our respected and thoughtful Roman Catholic readers answer us this one question. Is their infallible Church able to tell whether the Blessed Virgin Mary did really come down from Heaven on the 19th September, 1846, to admonish and warn the world of solemn truths and coming evils, or whether it was a crazy enthusiast named Constance Lamerliere who duped two illiterate children into such a belief, and subsequently deluded many others into the same belief, through their instrumentality and the interested support of local ecclesiastics, who are, year after year, deriving large profits from keeping up and spreading the belief in the imposture? If the Pope be really infallible, and believes that the Blessed Virgin did come down from Heaven for that solemn purpose and on that occasion, why should he not, as claiming to be Christ's Vicar on earth, himself announce it to the world? If he does not believe it, how is it possible that he can allow such an imposture to get head and to deceive so many thousands of people, who, we are told, make pilgrimages to La Salette on the faith of a supposed miracle, which he of his infallibility knows to be false?

MORE NEWS FROM BALLINTUBBER.

MR. EDITOR.—I wonder if any of Mr. Grip's faction (him that was agent at Ballintubber in Mr. Sherwin's time) have been trying to pass him off on you for an honest man, or else I don't know why you should want to hear more of his rogueries than I told you a year ago. However, as you have asked me for a fuller account of his doings, I have no objection to tell you what I know as to some of the ways in which he made his money.

I need not repeat to you what I told you of the distressed condition of the Ballintubber tenantry when he was over them. And you will not wonder to hear that, miserable as they were, they were ready to listen to bad advice. These were the times that Phil Connolly—the head of the ribbonmen—was in his glory. He had listed into his society some of the finest young men in the country, who were ready to do his bidding through thick and thin, and who cared little about the law, for, come what would to them, they could not be much worse off than they were. Not one in the country dared to wag his finger except as Phil Connolly liked. He laid down the law, and those that did not wish to bring down his revenge on them had nothing for it but to obey.

This was the state in which Lord Kilmarty found the estate when he came into possession. Not one of the tenants but owed arrears of rent that he could never hope to pay. Ill able they were to pay the gales that would become due, let alone the arrears. The whole place was a picture of misery; nobody seemed to flourish there but Mr. Grip; and with their want of stock, bad farming, and lazy ways, when the poor people had got enough to keep Mr. Grip's mouth quiet, it was hard for them to find the means of filling their own mouths. And though they looked on the ribbonmen as their friends, I don't know but the tyranny they were under to them was worse than Mr. Grip's exactions. Why, there was the case of Pat Ryan first; at the time that Lord Kilmarty came over, he took Knocklyon farm, out of which Grip had ejected the O'Mahonys, and did not mind the threatening notices he got, and was not he shot as he was coming home from Loughmanagh fair, within three weeks after he had taken possession? And there was Jack Driscoll, about the same time, to whose house they came at night looking for arms, and to whom they gave such a beating that he never recovered it, and his poor wife that was near her confinement got such a fright that she was taken with her pains, and was buried in the same grave with her husband.

No wonder that there was neither luck nor grace about the place when such doings went on. Lord Kilmarty was very angry when he heard of these things, and he vowed that he would put down the reign of terror under which all his people were living. He spared no trouble, but at first he did nothing but make himself enemies for his pains. When he was against the ribbonmen, of course they were against him, and the worst of stories against him were told to those who were only too ready to believe them. You know that when Lord Kilmarty first came to Ballintubber the people had no end of rejoicing. I don't know what they expected him to do. I believe they thought it was to rain penny loaves, and that there was to be no such thing as want or sickness in the parish. At all events, mortal man could not have done all they expected from him; and when they found that he would help nobody that wouldn't help themselves, and that he was changing this and altering that, and introducing new plans which hadn't been heard of since the first stone of Ballintubber Castle had been laid, their feelings towards their new landlord altered greatly; and when Mr. Grip found that he wasn't to be the agent, he did his best in an underhand way to poison the people's minds against him, leading them to think that he was a hard man, and telling them that as they didn't like King Log (that was Mr. Sherwin), he hoped they would like King Stork better.

Well, it was the very winter after Lord Kilmarty had come over, when it was settled in the ribbon lodge that the landlord was to be taken off, and I am ashamed to